DRESSED FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

A Description of Several Styles That Are Very Becoming.

Ordinary party frocks for little maids are made of embroidered lisse, colored crepon, white lace, crepe de chine, soft silk or bengaline. A pretty yellow silk frock was lightly trimmed with a new embroidery made up of little yellow velvet roses and leaves. And a pretty frock for quite a little tot was of white lisse embroidered in pale pink, with a frill around the neck and no other ornament. Another dress—this was for a big girl—was made of gauzy white stuff over pink silk, with stripes of valenciennes lace on the skirt, run with rows of pink bebe ribbon, and finished off at the bottom with pink ribbon bows.

GIRL'S SAILOR SUIT.

In the cut are shown both a front and a back view of a charming sailor suit. This presents an admirable dress for the wear and tear of school and other occasions where enduring qualities and comfortable fit afford the desired combination. This picturesque dress is made with kilted skirt and blouse of navy blue serge. The coat, with tabs at the side and sailor collar, is of the same material. Gimp or crocheted buttons appear on the tabs, while a silk cording finishes the edge of the collar.

Dress Sleeves.

It is absurd for a woman with scraggy arms to make herself such a slave to fashion as to persist in wearing short sleeved evening dresses. Long sleeves, when made of some soft, diaphanous stuff, like crepe de chine, draped or daintily puffed all the way up, are always nicer to look upon than thin arms. With the aid of the lovely gauzes now used for trimming it is possible to make almost any figure look pretty. Such defects as prominent collar bones and shoulder blades may be hidden under a soft cloud of silk muslin without in any way robbing a dress of its smart appearance.

In the accompanying illustration two styles of short sleeves are shown for ladies who are young and plump enough to appear in decollete dresses. Fig. 1 consists of a silk puffing, headed with epaulets and bertha band in jeweled embroidery. In Fig. 2 is represented a garniture of beaded gimp, crossing the shoulder and forming a drooping triangle, below which spreads out a short puffed sleeve in silk lisse or crape. The remaining figure shows a sleeve for day wear in silver gray cloth, enhanced with rows of tinsel cord, buttoned across a tab of pale hyacinth blue velvet.

LATEST STYLES IN SLEEVES.

Hints for Home Dressmakers.

Harper's Bazar gives these hints to amateur dressmakers: "Economists who make their own evening dresses are most successful when following the simplest models. They can also purchase pretty materials at small cost. The fashionable shot moires are already copied in light evening colors, stylishly striped with black in mixed fabrics with silken surface that are sold for seventy-five cents a yard. These are very effective when used under net or chiffon, either white, black or colored, and trimmed with bows of satin ribbon. Soft satin surahs make charming gowns for young girls when cut with rather full skirt and a baby waist, with deep chiffon frill around the neck and black velvet belt with long sash ends. Striped gauzes with a filet or thread of black in each stripe are pretty transparents for freshening a faded or soiled silk dress of last winter. The gauze may be of the color of the silk or in contrast to it, the latter giving the newer shot effect.

"The becoming black dresses that are seen on every occasion may be made at small expense when a black moire, satin or brocade of a previous season is utilized as a foundation for black point d'esprit net, or jetted net, or the pretty black chiffon. Colored silks or satins are also used for these foundations—in pearl tints, pink, green or yellow. The satin bell skirt is covered plainly with the black transparent and bordered with a black ruche thickly spangled with jet. A full, low, round corsage has black velvet bretelles, belt and sash that are also spangled. Puffed sleeves of the spangled fabric are made of becoming length or to meet the tops of the gloves."

A Jilted Artist's Suicide.

Paul Canon, artist, journalist, member of a half dozen clubs and looked upon at St. Joseph, Mo., as a rival to James Whitcomb Riley, walked into Levin's gun store and asked to look at some revolvers. Selecting a weapon of 38-caliber Canon inquired if the price included cartridges. On being told that it did he requested the storekeeper to load it for him. Taking the weapon in his hand Canon said:

"Are you sure this gun will shoot straight?"

"If it doesn't you needn't pay for it," replied the dealer.

"It looks like a good weapon," said Canon, "but I'd like to bet you the cigars I couldn't hit a mark six inches away."

"I'll take you," quickly replied the dealer.

"All right; here goes," said Canon, and before the horrified shopkeeper could interfere Canon had placed the pistol to his temple and sent a bullet through his brain.

On his person was found a note addressed simply to "Adelaide." It said:

"DEAR GIRL—You have wedded wealth and I am wedded to death. Which is the happier? PAUL."

It told the whole story. A short time ago the announcement of his engagement to one of the most beautiful girls in the city was made. A wealthier suitor appeared on the scene and she had heedlessly jilted him.—Chicago Tribune.

NYM CRINKLE'S LETTER

Some Sage Reflections on Georgia Cayvan's Art.

SHE FAILED IN "SQUIRE KATE."

Mr. Buchanan's Play Required a Woman Who Could Change from a Sensible Sweetheart to a Tearing Termagant at the Drop of the Hat.

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—Miss Georgie Cayvan is the favorite actress at the Lyceum theater. She is a round faced, buxom woman of perhaps thirty. Her style of acting is of the quiet, demurely dignified order when she is at her best. She strikes you as a woman of strong personality, prim views and considerable intelligence. She is not as handsome as Mrs. Kendal was twenty years ago, when London fell in love with Madge Robertson, but her manner reminds you of that actress at times. It is less in the similarity of appearance than in similarity of temperament. Neither of them wears the actress' trade mark—that indefinite, but always perceptible pronounce air. They fit the domestic scenes easily and gracefully, and to see them at their best one must see them as happy wives, not as adventuresses or flirts or coquettes or courtesans.

Mrs. Kendal has charmed the American public by her drawing room romances. She seemed to have washed and bleached each one of them until there wasn't a stain of carnality on them. They accepted her as the exemplar of the safe drama "that cheered but could not inebriate."

I think Miss Georgie Cayvan was built for the same kind of work. When therefore Mr. Frohman put her into the new play called "Squire Kate" and gave her a role in which she had to be unnatural, unreasonable, vituperative and even vulgar, she signally failed.

Nobody appeared to have looked deep enough into the matter to see that Mr. Frohman's loss was her gain, and that for the actress to fail was for the woman to triumph.

The play is an anomalous combination of exquisite rustic scenery and dramatic fustian. The most ridiculous things are done with sentimental seriousness and the absurdest actions take place amid the most delightful surroundings.

We are introduced to Squire Kate in her own kitchen, one of those old English kitchens which Mr. Frohman delights to reproduce to its minutest detail. She moves about among her yokels the kindly but dignified young mistress, who has had the responsibility of the farm suddenly put upon her and who has been accustomed to take her share of the work uncomplainingly.

You can picture the bright group for yourself—the men at the deal table under the smoky rafters drinking their home brewed ale and chaffing the maids; the overseer, who is in love with Kate, leaning against the great chimneypiece, moody and reticent as his eye follows the mistress in her bustling duties, and now and then whittling his buckthorn stick; the younger sister, who comes in like a moth, very sweet and innocent, as Miss Effie Shannon always makes younger sisters, and eats the plums while the squire makes the pudding. You can see the hedgerows through the broad, open casement and almost hear the lark singing. It is a delicious picture of English rustic life in its best estate. It might have been tinted by Jane Austin or sketched by Charles Reade.

But what is the story that evolves itself on this serene and sunny canvas?

Let me tell you as briefly as I can.

Squire Kate is heavily in debt. The farm is encumbered and there is a miserly old screw in the neighborhood who holds her in his relentless grip, and is determined to ruin her. He has a son, a rather manly young fellow, who is deeply in love with the younger sister, and who is disgusted with his father's sordid spirit. Squire Kate is not aware of this attachment. She not only loves her sister tenderly, but she also consciously loves the young man. All at once another old miser somewhere dies and leaves all his wealth to Kate. She pays off the indebtedness on the farm and is herself a wealthy woman. We are now at the end of the first act, and the lark sings with redoubled energy.

We then proceed to the English hayfield, where Squire Kate in a French dress superintends the hayraking and is beset by an opera bouffe quartet of suitors. Among them is the Old Screw, who, now that she is wealthy, is anxious to have her marry his son and tells her that the son loves her, to her soul's delight. But presently she discovers that it is false and that the young man loves her sister. And at that point the play goes all to pieces in theatric hysterics and inconceivable mumbo-jumbo.

In an instant the squire is converted from a wholesome, levelheaded housewife and prudent woman into an irresponsible and vituperative stage hussy. As soon as she gets the facts into her mind she hates her innocent sister, declares herself an enemy of the world and rants and raves unrestrainedly about her unreciprocated affection, and rushes off in the night to an old Polonius shepherd in a lonely wood to get a love philter or some mandragora to fix things up to her liking.

The most romantic of maiden observers of this catastrophe feels at once that the bottom has fallen out of the English picnic and that the spilled contents are cheap melodrama. One feels a little sorry that the wholesome Squire Kate should so quickly resolve herself into a superstitious lovelorn maiden of the Middle Ages. There is a strong desire in the human breast that she shall go on making pudding and raking the hay and behave herself. But no, she not only insists that the world is a soap bubble and her doll is stuffed with sawdust, but she proposes to declaim it in spite of decency and at the slightest provocation.

Mr. Buchanan, the author of this play, appears to think that the average heroine of the century doesn't draw much of a line between serenely loving and severely hating. She either wears ashes of roses or oil of vitriol as the mood seizes her, and if she can't have her own sweet way with her emotions, she becomes in the twinkling of an eye a confirmed nihilist. Her creed is devotion or dynamite. Beware, and love me!

Then Mr. Buchanan having got himself into this conscienceless human muddle, in which decorum resolves itself into drugs and character drops to inconsistency, sets himself to work to show that all this inconceivable nonsense on the part of Kate is a purely feminine spasm that is to be cured by a counter shock.

The counter shock is this, and mark how narrow and theatric it is:

The old miser, who is so anxious to have his son marry Kate's farm, perceives that he never will so long as the pretty sister is in the way, so he goes to the same old Polonius in the dusky wood and gets some poisonous distillment, "gathered in the full of the moon." His plea is that he wants to kill a troublesome dog, and the shepherd, who keeps these poisons handy in his hut, furnishes the venom with many sage Shakespearean reflections and no compunctions, and the ruthless old bird of prey goes immediately and gives it to the pretty sister, with proper Macbeth accompaniments.

As soon as the innocent is brought to death's door Squire Kate considers. "Hullo," she says, "I love my sister, now that she is going to die. I've made a mistake. The best thing to do is to repent and stick to Yorkshire pudding and marry that chump of an overseer who has been mooning around here for five years."

And that, oh, my theatrical brethren, is the happy ending of the play.

It violates the first principles of Goody Two Shoes. It presents a woman to us as a theatrical hit or miss dispenser of effects.

Well, you can fancy how the demure Miss Cayvan went through with the hysterics. It was like a Quakeress tooting for a sideshow. She tried to do what she didn't believe in: that is, she screamed about her unrequited love and hurled anathemas at her innocent sister, and altogether tried to behave to the best of her ability like a very unreasonable and somewhat disreputable creature and failed.

She hasn't got the headlongness for this sort of thing. She is too self conscious.

You can't look into her round, unemotional face without feeling her soul's conviction settling around her broad, firm mouth: and it is that twice two make four, and be hanged to Mr. Buchanan. Women who can make a Yorkshire pudding as deftly as she does do not love self sacrificingly up to 3:42 and then hate fiendishly till 7:30. They do not keep their feelings in a necromancer's bottle, to turn out milk or Medford rum, as the playwright indicates.

And for that very reason, perhaps, they are not good actresses, as actresses go.

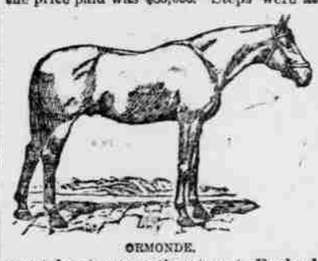
Who knows? NYM CRINKLE.

THE RACE HORSE ORMONDE.

England Raises $175,000 to Procure Her Favorite's Return.

No horse has been the subject of more discussion in Great Britain of late than the world famous racer, Ormonde. He is considered by many turf authorities to be the greatest horse that ever raced in England, and when his owner, the Duke of Westminster, sold him to Don Juan Bocan, of Brazil, and the latter carried his prize off to the Argentine Republic, a howl of displeasure arose from the British sporting public.

The sale occurred in December, 1888, and the price paid was $85,000. Steps were at



ORMONDE.

once taken to secure the return to England of the great horse. President Hugh Webster, of the board of agriculture, formed a syndicate and raised the enormous sum of $175,000 for the repurchase of Ormonde.

During the formation of the syndicate many English breeders and horsemen refused to subscribe because, they said, Ormonde was a "roarer" (which in racing parlance means that his wind was affected), and as "roaring" is said to be hereditary, these horsemen argued that Ormonde had left his country for the good of his country's future racing stock.

Ormonde is a bay horse, by Ben d'Or, the Derby winner of 1880. Ormonde was foaled in 1883, started thirteen times, was never beaten and won the sum of $125,000 in stakes and purses. Among the great races that he captured were the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas' Stakes and the St. Leger. The world famous jockey, the late Fred Archer, piloted Ormonde to victory in nearly all his races.

Venice in London.

Imre Kiralfy, whose name is familiar throughout America as a builder and manager of spectacular shows, has chosen London as the scene of his greatest effort. He calls it "Venice, the Bride of the Sea." It

ONE OF THE TERRACES IN "VENICE, THE BRIDE OF THE SEA."

is built in the great Olympia. On one side is a stage 450 feet long and 120 feet deep. Between that and the audience is a lake with a mile and a quarter of water surface upon which gondolas glide to and fro. At the northern end of the great hall a counterfeit of a corner of Venice has been constructed which is wonderful in its accuracy. It may be traversed in gondolas or on foot. On the stage tableaux and choruses are given. One thousand four hundred people take part in the spectacle.

He Rode 12,553 Miles in 1891.

One of the hardiest bicyclers in Philadelphia is Captain F. H. Welch, of the Wissahickon wheelmen, who distinguished himself during the season of 1891 by riding the enormous distance of 12,553 miles. He rode every month during the year, his smallest run being 217 miles for January and his largest 2,028 for July. During the year Welch made thirty-two century runs. His greatest week's work was 616 miles and his longest day's score was 175 miles. Welch's riding was not wholly for pleasure, but for business also, as he rode each day from his home to his working place.

F. H. WELCH.

The sum of $150,000 is said to have been paid by J. Malcolm Forbes, of Boston, for the great stallion Arion. If the figures are correct the price is probably the largest ever given for a horse.

Hunting with Bloodhounds.

In lieu of genuine hunting, which is temporarily at a standstill, the novel idea of starting off a youth on foot and sending two bloodhounds in pursuit of him half an hour later has commended itself to certain sportsmen residing in the neighborhood of the Quorn as a capital way of killing time. The opening run was a great success, for, after striking the line of a passing and naturally very perturbed traveler on the high road, the hounds were with difficulty stopped and transferred to that of the legitimate quarry.

Traveling at a tremendous pace, and with music almost equal in volume to the cry of a pack of foxhounds, they ran all around Quorn village, their owner, regardless of snowdrifts, galloping in pursuit and taking the fences just as they came. The end of the run was somewhat singular, as directly the bloodhounds got up to the fugitive they evinced their delight by springing up to him and trying to lick his face.—London Telegraph.

BAD DAYS FOR PROPHETS

The Midwinter Baseball Situation Is a Puzzling One.

PLAYERS WHO HAVE RETIRED.

McCormick Owns a Stable, Sunday Is a Missionary, Tener Runs a Bank and Fred Pfeffer Threatens to Give Up Running Bases to Mix Drinks.

With twelve clubs battling for a flag in a season that has suffered amputation of the hind quarters the field of uncertainty is too broad for an ordinary prophet to wander into without either a lantern or a guide. There are very few of the dozen—count 'em—with nerve enough to claim that the pennant is their's. That is one strange feature of these midwinter struggles about the stove. There are dark horses—a whole drove of them—and the entire twelve affirm a faith in being able to maintain a rank in the first division. That means that six will find their bright hopes realized while the other six will be crunching husks over in Cave Disappointment.

Washington imagines that there is a laurel wreath near the front row for the Senators, but cruelly assigns all the other ex-Association teams to weak and lowly tail end holds. The same spirit of self confidence in the home club also exists in St. Louis and Louisville, but Baltimore doesn't appear to be sure whether the Orioles will roost high or not.

The gathering of the clans will occur at New York about March 1. The ides and the magnates will arrive together. A double championship season seems assured. If it is adopted the prophets had better turn their shingles to the wall and quit the business. The early bird will get the worm, and the team that once stumbles will not be in it.

Star ball players are like those who wear shoulder straps in the service of Uncle Sam and rest their toes under the mahogany in the officers' quarters. They seldom resign from their posts of duty. There are exceptions, of course, but it does not take all the fingers on one hand to check off the knights of the pigskin who chose to lay down the bat in the heydey of their popularity.

Jim McCormick—to call him James would necessitate the presentation of papers of identification—was the first to turn his back upon the diamond, but he did not seek a quieter walk of life. He found a path just as "sporty," and from running a few "skates" at Guttenberg, he blossomed into the owner of a likely stable. McCormick, whose old partner, "Silver" Flint, was laid to rest within a stone's throw of the ground upon which he had played ball when a boy at St. Louis, did not relish the idea of being allotted to Pittsburg, and he affirmed that he would retire rather than pitch ball there. He kept his word.

Will Sunday—one of the greatest little fielders who ever wore a uniform and a king among base runners—was the second player to say "No" to the offers of eager managers, and he entered a field of mission work. Ben Hogan abandoned the prize ring for the pulpit, and Sunday refused Cincinnati's pleadings a year ago and assumed the evangelical harness of the Y. M. C. A. at Chicago.

John K. Tener left the pitcher's box to become a banker, but in truth it must be said that he practically abandoned the field in 1890, when he did more clerical work than twirling for the unfortunate Pittsburg brethren.

This list of three may be increased this year. Fred Pfeffer, identified prominently with two inglorious fizzles at Chicago, is coveted by both St. Louis and Louisville. Uncle Anson and Mr. Hart are twins in the Chicago manger, and the Windy City bone thrown to Nicholas Frederick is not to his liking. He has been installed as the head of a cafe at Louisville and threatens to practice at the bar instead of about second base from this time forth.

Louis Rogers Browning is making the same sort of mouth. He is the only player in the land who has not discovered that the war is over. "The Gladiator" wants a salary fatter than the one he received at Cleveland in the days of the inflation of 1890, and when he gets it Colonel John Botts will play a clarionet solo at the Louisville musical festival. One of the many heretofore unwritten bits of history of the campaign of last fall reveals Browning in a leading role. The scene was laid at Eastern park, and Cincinnati's Reds were pitted against the pets of Brooklyn. Captain Latham was upon the lines making sundry desultory remarks. "The Gladiator" was at the bat, a redleg at third and two men out. A good solid drive was needed to get that run in.

"Smash her, Pete," came the order from the captain.

The gentleman from the Sour Mash district put out his bat for a bunt, and as he touched the ball he dashed away for first. The sphere went foul and back he came.

"What are you doing? Line her out!" was the order given.

A second futile attempt to bunt was "The Gladiator's" response to the instructions given. Crestfallen he returned to the plate. Captain Latham was mad.

"It will cost you fifty dollars to bunt that ball!" he shouted. "Hit it out. We want this run!"

And then Browning did let go, but the ball did not get through the infield, and "The Gladiator" was thrown out.

"What did you mean?" demanded the the captain after the play was over. "After your little safe hit, weren't you?"

"Yes, I was!" admitted the angry successor to Apollo. "Yes, I was! I'm after the little hits just like you're after the little stolen bases!"

In revelations like these it doth appear that Cincinnati earned a place in row seven.

To continue the tale of threatened retirements simultaneous with the announcement of the appointment of Dan Richardson as captain of the Senators comes the hint that he will remain at Elmira rather than go to the national capital. All of which sounds very much like rot. Washington has not had a good club or a winner since the days of the Nationals.

The coming season promises to be the most brilliant ever known in that city on the Potomac. There will be some new faces of distinguished cranks in the congressional boxes, not the least of which will be that of Senator Hill. There is more fame and just as much coin of the realm for "Captain Dan" in Washington as can be found in New York, where a divided directory seems to be struggling for the honor of playing the first violin.

The roster of the retired will be largely swelled during the coming season, but most of the "resignations" will not be of the players' own choosing.

REX MULFORD, JR.

In Case of War.

During our own war Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, made heavy purchases of guns in England, and when he got them over here the United States did not care to buy them. There they were. When the trouble developed, some years later, between Chili and Spain, these guns became Chilian property. They were carried out of Boston harbor properly enough, but on the high seas met a Chilian vessel and were paid for. They reached Valparaiso and were set up for defense. In use they developed a habit of bursting, and proved a valuable aid to the enemy. A number of them remain there, and should there ever be trouble Americans might find themselves with great guns from Massachusetts pointed at them, though what would happen were the guns fired would have to be determined by experience.—Hartford Courant.

Fishes Pumped from the Bay.

Friday afternoon the powerful hydraulic dredge of the wharf company was operating a sand pump by which a twelve inch stream of mud and water was forced from the bottom through a line of piping 300 feet in length and deposited on the flats south of the levee.

The pressure ejected by these pumps was so great that hundreds of fish, from the small mullet and eronker to the red-fish two feet in length, were sucked in, passed through the tubing and deposited in the shallow water at its outlet, where they were captured by dozens of boys equipped with dip nets and carried off in triumph. Over 300 pounds were gathered in by this means.

A literary man was in Boston the other day and was surprised to find a cab driver who reads Herbert Spencer. That cabman is a type here and ought not to surprise any one from New York or Philadelphia. If he had seen the electric car conductor who reads Dante in the original and discusses him with women of the New England club on their way to their Dante class, he would have had an emotion worth while.—Boston Transcript.

A Woman and Three Wolves.

Miss E. E. Moore, a teacher in Elk mountain school district, Carbon county, Wy., was intercepted on her way to school the other day by three wolves. She jumped down the banks of a stream and escaped the wolves, but broke through the ice and caught cold in consequence.—San Francisco Call.

An Offer to Inventors.

The Industrial Society of Mulhouse offers a silver medal for the application in any form of electricity to calico printing.—New York Journal.